

THE CLARION.

FOR THE CLARION.]

UNHEARD SONGS.

D. J. ABBOTT.

Oh! the unmet poems of this world!
How many there are unknown,
In manuscripts forever furled;
And the muse forever flows,
Their plaintive burdens linger long
And some lives brighter glow;
By catching the strange unuttered song
Which trembles out so low.

Yet none of the songs are ever sung
So the throbbing world may hear;
They never fall from human tongue
Bearing a smile or a tear.
But in the commonest rudest soul
Their echoes live and bear
To the troubled life a sweet control
Unmixed with strife or care.

And some of the songs are sadder than tears
Oh! paths of wordless woe,
Thy strains go down to the listening years,
Who smile as on they flow.
They tell of hopes which ever lie
Within some human grave
Beneath a fickle tide of sky
Where willows mournful wave.

They tell of idols fallen, crushed
And a life's ambition fled
And baby songs forever hushed
And hearts which vainly bleed.
Upon the darkling tide of time
Oh, souls so rudely tossed
Thou' not in music rhythmic rhyme,
Ye sing of treasures lost.

Of voices that are stilled in death
And hands that clasp no more
Of forms which show no pulsing breath
With eyes shut evermore.
And cold lips on which kisses fell
From hungry lips above
In agonized yet mute farewell
In tearless, speechless love.

Those sad sweet songs, unheard of earth
Are borne thro' cloudless air
To realms above, there is no death
Of listeners up there.
Thro' all of God's eternal years
Their cadences rise and fall,
No giant wrongs or nameless fears
Or hopes beyond recall.

But their quivering tones find lodgment
In the temple of the skies
Mong heaven's celestial singers, where
Earth's unheard music lies.
Then sing on soul thy mystic song
Of misery or of gloom
They cannot to the world belong
But do to God eternally.

BYRON, May 16th, 1883.

The Jute Culture.

BROOKHAVEN, Miss., May 10, 1883.

EDITORS CLARION—DEAR SIR: The planters of the South, interested in the question of introducing jute culture in our country, are looking to the press for information in reference to that great industry, just on the eve of being permanently established in the South. The press of the entire country, always anxious to promote and develop new industries, has manifested, especially since last year, a great deal of interest on the jute question.

Many are devoting their time in studying the jute question, and faithfully working to solve that problem in such way as to leave not a shadow of doubt. Until this is done to the satisfaction of all interested, our planters ought to raise only small crops for the purpose advocated in my address delivered before the Jute Convention, at Jackson, viz: for studying practically the nature and growth of that valuable plant, and the disintegration of its fibre by the water process, which is indispensable to the mechanical process.

Some jute seed, last March purchased in the interior districts of Bengal, producing the finest fibre, is due in New Orleans early next week, and Mr. Richard Gotscher, one of the finest seedsmen in New Orleans, (address, 15 Dumaine street), will have some on sale, in small quantities, to planters alone, at 30 cts. per pound.

I have already planted over twenty acres and have ground ready to plant more next week. I have a special force to attend my jute crop, and only atmospheric causes can prevent our raising to our satisfaction what so diligently we are working for. I shall have this season on my plantation three different decorative to work my jute crop, side by side, in competition, to show practically which can save the fibre best and more economically—and which is the cheapest in construction and the easiest and simplest to handle. No effort shall be spared on my part toward obtaining these facts so indispensable to the final settlement of that all-important question.

The progress of my jute crop, the conclusion and results of my operations, shall, in due time, be placed at the disposal of the press, and for the benefit of the great agricultural class of the South. With much respect I remain,
Your obedient servant,
C. MENELAS.

The Bells of Cologne.

Would you like to hear the silvery sound of the bells of Cologne? Get a large silver tablespoon, then a piece of cord nearly a yard long, and in the middle tie it in a knot around the slender part of the handle. Now around your two forefingers wind the ends of the cords, place these two fingers in your ears and swing the spoon so that the bowl will strike the edge of a table, and then wonderfully sweet and clear will sound the so-called bells of Cologne.

Look not mournfully into the past, it cannot come back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

Educational Advantages of Girls in Mississippi.

EDITORS CLARION: I have read, with a feeling akin to pain, the article from "Eyder" in your issue of April 25. She seems quite annoyed that some masculine line has had a fling at women, and this time it is at the girls' bangs. I think it would have been more sensible in her to have rejoiced that some one does not admire that foolish style of dressing hair; the "idiotic-bang" is I think a very appropriate name for them. Any way the style of dressing one's hair is a very little thing to be distressed over, but there was something in her article, as I have said above, that gave me pain. She seems to feel that the boys now are the only ones that have a chance for an education in Mississippi. I differ with her most decidedly. There is not a girl in Mississippi with the ordinary amount of brains and an earnest desire for an education but that can obtain it, and if she has older brothers her chance is all the better. Let me relate a fact to illustrate my position. I knew a family in very humble circumstance, the father running a small farm, and encumbered with debt. The parents greatly desired that their children should be educated.

The eldest son after improving the opportunities offered him at home in the public school, was sent to an academy to prepare himself for teaching, but so great was his thirst for knowledge, that he obtained a position where he could pay his board by working morning and night, and thus assisted his parents in preparing himself for college.

The parents were compelled to borrow money to give him a collegiate education. He took a full course and in four years graduated at Yale College in a class numbering 108 and stood third in his class.

He then commenced teaching and returned to his parents every dollar they had expended upon his education, and also assisted a sister in obtaining an education. She in turn repaid her brother and assisted a younger brother in obtaining an education.

How closely were the bonds of affection drawn in that family in this mutual effort for each other's highest interest, and how highly was the education appreciated, obtained by such sacrifices. No my sister, do not despair, he who would achieve great things must attempt great things. Let the cheering words of DeQuincy inspire us to noble efforts.

"Thou, therefore, daughter of God and man, all patient woman, reverence thy own ideal, and in the wildest of the homages which is paid thee, as well as the most real aspects of thy wide domain, read no trophy of idle vanity but a silent indication of the possible grandeur inscribed in thy nature which realize to the extent of thy power."

"And show us how divine a thing a woman may become."

A MOTHER.

CLINTON, Miss., May 12, 1883.

The Liquor Traffic.

EDITORS CLARION: Please allow me to call to the attention of the friends and relatives of unfortunate inebriates in our State, a provision in our Code of laws, which, if properly enforced, will go far to protect society against the great and manifold evils of the whisky traffic. Section 1104 of the Code of 1880, is as follows: "Before any license shall be issued, the applicant shall give bond, with two or more sufficient sureties to be approved by the Board of Supervisors, or corporate authorities, of the city or town, as the case may be, payable to the State, in the penalty of two thousand dollars conditioned that the person to whom such license shall be granted shall during the continuance of his license, keep a quiet, peaceable, and orderly house for retailing vinous and spirituous liquors in said district, city or town, and will not suffer or permit any riotous or disorderly conduct, or any drunkenness or any unlawful gaming in or about the same, or on the premises thereunto belonging, and will not retail or otherwise dispose of vinous or spirituous liquors to any Indian, minor, or intoxicated person, and will in all things faithfully observe and keep all the provisions of this act." This act forbids the sale of liquor on Sunday; forbids its sale to minors, or intoxicated persons; it forbids the sale of adulterated liquors. It is a violation of this act to permit any kind of card playing, dice throwing, or other game of chance on the premises where liquor is sold whether the card playing etc. be for money or amusement. The bond required may be put in suit by any private individual, and prosecuted by private counsel; and it is made the duty of the district attorney to put the bond in suit for every violation thereof. See section 1111. One half of the recovery is required to be paid to the individual who will inform on the violators of this law.

Does your husband get drunk and spend his earnings at the saloons, and convert home into a pandemonium, then sue the saloon keeper and his bondsmen for \$2,000.00? Does your minor son get whisky at the saloons, then avail yourself of the remedy which the law affords.

If the friends of temperance throughout the State, would organize for a rigid enforcement of this law, they would drive out of the liquor traffic a very large per cent. of men now engaged in it for the reason that none but good and responsible men could give a bond. If persons who go on the bonds of liquor dealers know the liability which they assume, they would be slow to incur such liability. And if the traffic of liquor could be controlled as is sought to be by this statute, it would be stripped of many of its evils. And if the people would see to it, that they select officers, disposed and possessed of the moral courage to enforce this law, there would probably be less necessity for a general prohibition law. And I submit this to

my prohibition friends, if you will not or can not enforce the law which we have, how do you expect to be able to secure the enforcement of a more stringent law? A few suits on the bonds of saloon keepers in different parts of the State, and the consequent siring of the violators of the law, would be worth many temperance lectures.

TEMPERANCE.

In Dreamland.

Harvard Advocate.]
We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight now,
I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH.

How it Brought Fortune to a Poor Artist.

High up in a lofty house in one of the suburbs of Paris lived a young photographer and his wife, a life of such careless happiness as is rarely found out of the attic of that gay city, where content and cheerfulness are more apt to reign than in the most spacious mansion.

A true Parisian was Louise, the young wife, who understood so well how to hide the poverty of the small attic dwelling by a hundred graceful little devices. The rooms were hardly larger than a closet; but the modest furniture was clean and fresh, and grouped with charming effect, and the freshly papered walls were decked with cheaply framed photographs, ornamental, as well as testimonies of the skill of the master of the establishment. In the small windows with snow-white curtains stood pots of roses, geraniums, and pinks, and from the tiny balcony hung a cage where a bright canary sang his joyful song. The only room with any pretensions to size was a light, airy one opening from the sitting-room, and which was used as the work-room of the master.

Charles was a landscape photographer of unusual skill; he photographed public buildings also, but rarely tried his hand at portraits, not having means to compete with the owners of the large expensive furnished studios of the aristocratic quarter of the city, while he felt himself above the cheap grade of photographers who furnished miserably executed portraits.

He lived in the capital only one year, during which he learned to know, and afterward married his beloved Louise, who, although not possessed of a soul, owned such treasures of cheerfulness, amiability and good-heartedness, that Charles was more than satisfied. The young man could well hope that the future held better things in store for him, for his unusual skill must in time win the place it deserved; and already his talents were recognized by more than one of the artists of the day. Many of the best photographs of Parisian public buildings seen and admired in the plate-glass windows of the boulevards, came from his humble studio; also landscapes and views of castles from St. Germain, and he had already completed twenty-two of the two dozen he intended to prepare.

It was the 31st of August, 1877. The day promised to be bright and clear, and early in the morning Charles made ready the small portable apparatus he carried on such occasions for the last excursion to Germain, to finish the two photographs necessary to complete the desired number. Kissing Louise, he was very soon in his place in the omnibus going from the Place de la Bastille to the railway station for St. Germain, in the Rue St. Lazare, after which an hour's journey past the charming suburbs of Asnières, Nanterre and Malmaison brought him, at 10 o'clock, to his destination. Springing from the railway carriage, Charles beckoned to a man standing on the platform, and for the sum of three francs engaged his services for the day to carry his apparatus and assist him in any way required.

St. Germain, with its 14,000 inhabitants, is a very quiet town, living like a faded beauty on the recollection of past triumphs, but, owing to its high, healthy situation and its beautiful forest, it is a favorite resort of the pleasure-seeker. The old castle, finished in the reign of Francis I., is rich in historical remembrances. It was the birthplace of Henry II, Charles IX, and Louis XIV, and contains the room where died James II, of England, the banished Stuart, who received the hospitality of Louis XIV, until his death in 1701. In the large court of the castle was fought, on the 10th day of July, 1574, the last public duel before the court. In the year 1789 the castle was used as barracks, and later as a military prison, for which purpose it was utilized until Napoleon III, restored and established there the interesting Gallo-Roman museum.

To the east stretches, 7000 feet long, the terrace of world-wide celebrity—a favorite promenade, with a view over a landscape lovely beyond description with castles and villas, gardens and fountains, hills and valleys. Behind the terrace and the palace garden is the magnificent forest of St. Germain.

The bright, warm summer day had brought many strangers, and unusual life animated the town, along the streets and promenades of which strolled countless elegant Parisian idlers and charming ladies dressed in the latest fashion.

Charles soon chose a favorable point on the terrace, and, with the aid of his assistant, the two views were successfully transferred to his portfolio. When his work was accomplished the young man carefully repacked his apparatus, and, followed by his servant pro tem, strolled slowly toward a modest inn in

a town, where he intended to dine. His way led him past the handsome Hotel du Pavillon Henri IV, widely celebrated for its magnificent situation. As he approached the house, it suddenly entered the photographer's head that it would not be a bad idea to add a view of the popular hotel to his collection, as the picture would probably be bought by many rich strangers who had lived there.

He beckoned to his follower and stopped in the open space in front of the house, which was at that time empty, it being the dinner hour in the hotel. In a few moments he had chosen the best position for his apparatus and placed everything in readiness. As he was on the point of beginning his operations he was interrupted by a guest of the hotel, evidently returning from a promenade on the terrace, who, approaching, stopped beside the apparatus, which he seemed to regard with much interest. He was a little old gentleman with snow white hair, who appeared but little oppressed by the weight of years, for a youthful fire beamed in the bright, friendly eyes shining through gold-mounted eye-glasses, and his movement showed an almost mercurial activity. The expression of his face was strikingly intelligent.

"Aha," he remarked, "the hotel is to be photographed, it seems. That is an excellent idea."

"Do you think so, sir?" responded Charles, laughing. "I hope that the idea will be to my advantage, that my guests living here will buy copies in remembrance of the place."

"A capital speculation, which certainly must have good results," said the old man, with an approving nod. "Do you belong to this place?"

"No, sir; I lived in Paris. I have taken a series of twenty-four views of St. Germain, and, as I am here, with an hour to spare, I am adding a photograph of the hotel. It is only an idea which struck me as I was passing."

"The notion is good. The only fault I find is that there will be nobody to be seen in the picture, which will give it rather a lifeless effect."

"I quite agree with you, sir; but, much to my regret, there is no one at hand. It would be impossible to place my shabby assistant there on the balcony."

"No; the man is no doubt a very good fellow in his way, and, if a farm-yard were to be photographed, he would do beautifully; but here he is not exactly suitable. There are two charming English ladies in the hotel, perhaps you could induce them to stand for you."

"I am afraid it would cause somewhat of a commotion if I were to enter the hotel and prefer such a request."

"Very well; if you don't like doing it I will ask for you."

"You are very kind sir, but I will not give such trouble. As you are good enough to interest yourself in my picture, would it be too much to ask you to stand for a moment there on the veranda?"

"With pleasure. I will do anything to help you, but remember that I am an old man. My presence in the picture would be no attraction for fair young purchasers."

"I am convinced of the contrary, sir. Such a dignified old gentleman would certainly be an ornament to my picture. Your kindness will be a great favor to me."

Very well, I am quite at your disposal, and the old gentleman, mounting the steps, placed himself behind the railing of the veranda, his right hand leaning on his cane, his left placed on the railing, while, with a friendly, benevolent expression, he looked at the photographer.

Charles' head immediately vanished under the cloth pertaining to the apparatus.

"The head a little more to the left if you please. There, that is right. Now keep the position for a few seconds. One, two, three, four, five,"—and the operation was finished and was a complete success.

At the same moment two elegantly dressed ladies appeared upon the balcony and spoke a few words to the old gentleman, who bowed pleasantly to the photographer, after which all three disappeared into the hotel.

"Strange," thought Charles. "The old man's face seemed familiar; yet I don't remember that I have ever seen him before."

With the assistance of his companion, the apparatus was packed again; and the photographer went on to the inn, where he dined, returning immediately afterward to Paris.

During the next three days Charles was busily occupied with the negatives taken at St. Germain, and scarcely left his studio. At the end of that time he set out in the morning with a complete series of the pictures in a tasteful leather portfolio, and accompanied by Louise's best wishes. He turned his steps toward the neighboring Boulevard Beaumarchais, in which was the establishment of a well-known dealer in works of art with whom he had already some acquaintance. To him he intended offering the views of St. Germain. As he went through the Rue St. Antoine and the Place de la Bastille, he wondered somewhat at the groups of men gathered together about every corner, and in many of the shop doors, talking and jesting violently, evidently discussing something of importance. Something of importance must have taken place to cause this intense excitement among the easily-moved Parisians. Newsboys ran swiftly through the animated streets crying in hoarse voices, "Latest from St. Germain." What could it be?

The young man stopped before a group surrounding the newspaper column on the Place de la Bastille, eagerly scanning a printed paper which had just been posted there. Charles could not approach near enough to read the placard.

"What has happened?" he asked a broad-shouldered workman in a blue blouse.

"Monsieur Thiers is dead," said the man impressively. "He died last evening. It is a terrible loss to our party, particularly as it comes just before the election. He was the man upon whom

the eyes of all the wise and good in France were turned. I am only a plain working man, sir, and don't profess to understand much of politics, but we have always trusted Monsieur Thiers' wisdom. He knew what was best for us and the whole land. Now he is dead, and there is no one to take his place."

That was the startling news of the day which the electric wire was flashing through the world, an event of such great, incalculable importance that, for the moment, even the Russo-Turkish war and a thousand other interests of the day sank into comparative insignificance. The octogenarian had closed his eyes forever, after playing for fifty years such a brilliant role in the politics of France and Europe, occupying but a few years before the highest public office in France.

Charles had never busied himself much with politics; but he knew well that this event would be for France a grave crisis, naturally affecting trade and business of every land. Occupied with such thoughts, he entered the establishment of the art dealer, and, in a few words, explained the object of his visit.

"Ah, my dear sir," said the dealer, with a shake of the head, "this is a bad time for business. Universal suspense and uncertainty reign; no one knows what the next hour will bring forth, and there is no lack of pessimists to prophesy all manner of evil. Reports of a coup d'etat are in the air; at the Bourse there is a panic, rents are falling, business people in the wildest confusion. Thiers' death affects everything. But show me what you bring to-day. A series of views of St. Germain? I have no doubt of their excellence. Thiers died at St. Germain; that might, perhaps, awaken some interest for the pictures. Have you chanced to take a view of the house where he died—the Hotel du Pavillon Henri IV?"

"Yes," answered Charles in astonishment, "quite by chance I took such a picture. And Thiers died there? Good heaven, could he have been the old gentleman whom I photographed? His face seemed familiar to me—perhaps because I saw so many pictures of him when he was President," and he related in a few words his meeting with the old gentleman at the hotel.

"Show me the picture!" cried the dealer, his eyes sparkling with excitement, "this is more important than you think."

The young man took the photograph from the case and handed it to the dealer, who looked attentively at the small figure in the picture, represented with wonderful clearness and accuracy.

"Yes, that is Thiers to life!" he cried, in delight. "An excellent likeness. When did you take the picture?"

"On the 31st of August."

"Only four days ago. Then this is the last picture of Thiers, the great statesman and patriot, for whom all France mourns to-day. The portrait is a precious remembrance, which will circulate through France in thousands of copies. Our country's loss is for you a stroke of fortune, my friend. You have the copyright of this picture, and it will be worth to you over a hundred thousand francs. The picture of Thiers, with a portion of the balcony, should be cut from the picture and enlarged. You can make three different sizes, for 1, 2, 3 francs each. In four weeks we can sell half a million copies. At present, in all France, there is no better article of merchandise. Do you realize this?"

Charles comprehended the great prize which fortune had thrown in his way, and grew almost dizzy as he thought of the untold riches probably in store for him.

"But I cannot possibly print so quickly such an enormous number of copies," he exclaimed. "My studio is far too small."

"You are right," replied the dealer, "the largest photographer in Paris must undertake the working day and night. I will manage the sale if you agree. We have no time to lose."

Half an hour later a contract was made with the proprietor of a very large studio in the neighborhood, who agreed to lay all other work aside and devote his energies entirely to the portrait of Thiers. The next day every prominent newspaper in Paris told of the last photograph of Thiers, taken at St. Germain four days before his death; the result exceeded all expectations. All the admirers of the departed statesman hastened to become possessed of this last remembrance of the old man they so revered. There were more than half a million copies sold, and Charles received for his share of the profit 175,000 francs. In addition to this he was taken into partnership by the great photographer, and found in his improved position full opportunity for exercising his talents.

From the modest garret he descended with his beloved Louise into the luxurious suite of rooms on the first floor, where Louise shed about her the atmosphere of light and cheerfulness which followed her from the attic in spite of the added cares and responsibilities which came upon her and her husband.

First among all the comforts and luxuries of their new home is prized and honored a picture hanging in the salon of the happy pair—an exquisite copy, in a costly frame and surrounded by a laurel wreath, of the last portrait of Adolphe Thiers.

Our Druggist has just received a fresh lot of Dr. MOFFETT'S TERTHINA (Teething Powder), which is so rapidly diminishing the mortality of infants where it has been used.

DR. MOFFETT'S TERTHINA (Teething Powder) Removes and Prevents the formation of Worms in children. No remedy equals it. For sale by Byron Lemly.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.—Emerson.

Mrs. Gen. S. G. French says: "My dear little boy Robert was at death's door with Cholera Infantum, and I never forget the gratitude I owe Dr. MOFFETT for saving his life with his TERTHINA (Teething Powder). For sale by Byron Lemly."

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS and ELECTRIC AFFIDANCES on trial for 30 days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

MEDICAL.

The World Moves.—Skill and Science Triumphant.

Our reporter relates the following remarkable experience of one of our most reliable and substantial merchants, Deacon Stephen G. Mason, who says that from 1859 to 1868 he was terribly afflicted with frequent very severe attacks of inflammatory Rheumatism. The last attack in the winter of '79 and '80 was so severe as to render him unable to take a step in four months. His physicians thought that one side of him was paralyzed, and both knees became so stiff that he could not bend them. The doctors pronounced his case incurable, leaving him in a terrible condition. He was then induced to try Hunt's Kidney, by a medical friend who told him that the whole sickness and trouble arose from kidney disease, and convinced Mr. Mason that such was the case, and after taking it six weeks was entirely cured, and is now in such excellent physical condition that neither damp weather nor heat affect him disagreeably. Mr. Mason says that his cure is complete, as it is more than ten years since he has had the disease. "I attribute my most remarkable cure solely to Hunt's Kidney, the Infallible Kidney and Liver Medicine," says Mr. Mason.—Providence Evening Press.

The Best.

WILLIAM H. WILSON, M.D., Springfield, Ill., writes: "I prescribed Hunt's Kidney Medicine in a complicated case of Dropsy which I had been treating for eight years, and I find Hunt's Kidney to be the best medicine for Dropsy and the Kidneys I have ever used."

Owe My Existence.


ABIGAIL S. COLES, of Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J., says: "Eighteen months ago I had Dropsy around the heart. My physicians and friends despaired of my ever getting well. The first bottle of Hunt's Kidney gave me great relief. I feel I owe my very existence to Hunt's Kidney, and I am deeply thankful."

Aladdin's lamp wrought mighty things, but Hunt's Kidney works mightier. Try it.



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
BITTERS

There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and anti-bile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken only as a preventive against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the official specific, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



HOME SANATIVE



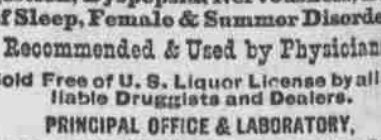
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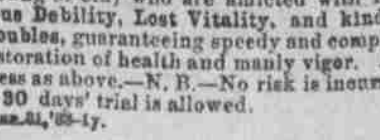
PARKER'S HAIR BALM



PARKER'S FLORESTON



PARKER'S HAIR BALM



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